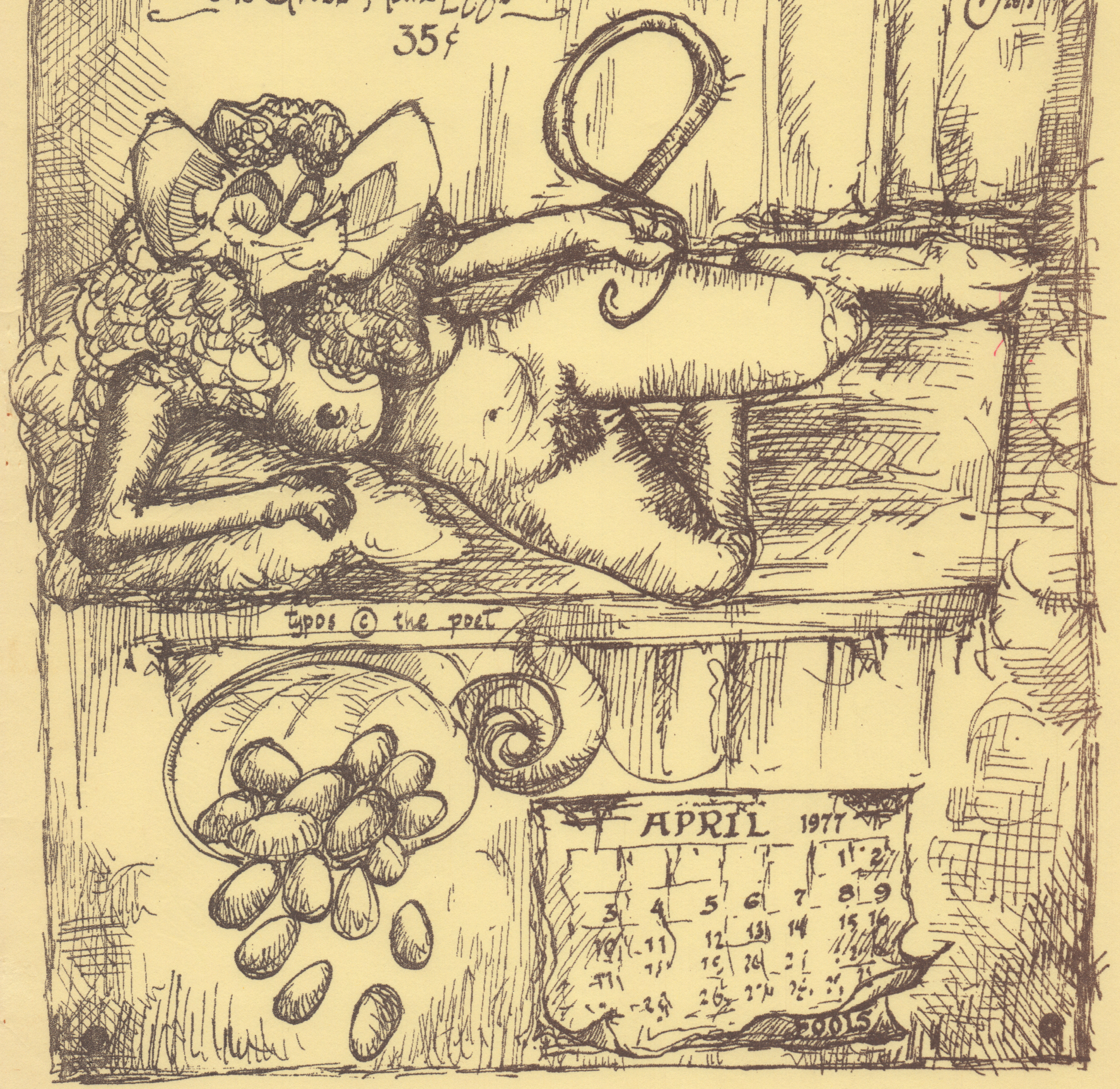
REUBEN'S GARAGE

One Gross Mouse Eggs
35¢

28/3/77



Typos © the poet

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valentinesday poem

i dreamt we quarreled
when we woke we didnt quarrel
then you took a bath
we didnt quarrel some more
i made sassafras tea
you answered the phone
again we didnt quarrel
when we got up the snow had melted,
as i dreamed it would

"""""""""""""""""""""""

in my dreams is a woman
in flowing gray
who says little

i see her from my window
starting her car in the snow
leaving a curve of tire tracks i
regard for a long time

in my dreams i am driving a white car
covering distances at my own speed

i do not own a white car
i do not have a soft gray cloak
but in my dreams ...

claudia lapp

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OVAL NATIONS

Temperature Conversion Table (Sneezing)

I went -17.8° Celsius
to Yosemite National Park, and I saw
some huge waterfalls 0° Fahrenheit (gesundheit)
208.4° Fahrenheit (gesundheit) but there is no reason
why we should always be silent. 98° Celsius.
That is also big mind.
-20° When you practice Zen
you become one with Zen -4° Fahrenheit (gesundheit)
-28.9° Celsius.
To leave a trace is not the same as to remember
something. 104° Fahrenheit (gesundheit) Most
people have a double or triple notion in one
activity. 40° Celsius.
150° Wherever I go people ask me 66° Celsius
What is Buddhism with their notebooks ready
to write down my answer.
You can imagine how I feel! 302° Fahrenheit (gesundheit)
In the Zendo 4.44° Celsius
there is nothing fancy. We just come and sit.
40° Fahrenheit (gesundheit) Just come and
sit.

Poem

The door opens a little way
just enough to step upon
the first early cat sleeping
like a staircase to a skull
we call moon when we
interfere with dawn
merging into night
of day big enough to break
the breach of shaded outline
in sky all empty
of sound windows
or this multiplicity
of shapes and forms
which stretch to end all empty movements
unassembled in time
that space where an order
of solitude imposes
a uniformly freed perception
forces one to leave one's bed of sleep
and leap into the trees and shrubs beyond the house
where self is gently cautioned
not to meet the early rising sun
without one's trousers on.

Stephen Morrissey.

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Unu's Vacation

Whoooosh my dada limosine
is ploughing up the dark
up over sidewalk into sea of frozen faces
let me kill a few pedestrians
see torn arms and legs saddle the air
great flying H's of them
caught in crosswinds, held suspended there

Harry Henry Harvey and Hubert

Gas, geese, shiva, shogun, sheik
it seems I had missed an elderly gentleman
he is tapping me on the shoulder
run me down too, he wails

Pound, ounce, dram, grain,
bushel, peck, quart, pint.

AND A TON AT A TIME.

Tom Konyves

I DROVE THE CAR

He was you
but Carol & I prayed quick &
hard and
he isn't

When you did arrive
you didn't try to impress uss

You came via the escalator
head first followed by the rest of you
except
one piece of luggage that will be on the next flight

Heroes are magic
their time is not now

You step out of a blurred fotograf
I have of you
you come into focus
your clarity is the arrival gate

no sloppy
bawling immigrants are we
I sophisticatedly think

no trading
of kisses or roses
But your lost luggage & the poem you read from Acorn's new book
here in the middle of this terminal
grabs me like some bold woman

In ecstacy of becoming surer
that you aren't a trick done with mirrors or
practiced innocence
I insist on knowing you
as your magic

You amaze me
with the trick of being human

Driving into town
I get us lost

Andre Farkas

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KEN NORRIS

IN THE CAR, AFTER THE READING

We were riding out to Vaudreuil, the
Six of us, four scrunched up in the back,
Carol sitting precariously on Artie's lap,
Me slammed up against the left side
Behind Andre who was driving, Carol's
Little sister next to me. In the front
They had more leg room, and Dave was
Turning around to say something when
He accidentally hit the gearshift with his leg
And the car felt as if it were going to throw up
Or have a kitten, but Andre quickly put it back
In gear and everything was fine, though
Gears were still stripping in my mind.
For a moment McFadden got to talking about
Writing and he said so many writers do
Something, but he always felt it was important
To see, not everyone does that. Inside I
Nodded, said yep. Then Artie said, hey,
Look at that flock of geese,
And we looked, everybody saw them.

ARTIE GOLD

I Saw The Geese - A serial poem

I was sitting in the back seat, Carol
Was on my lap, also on that back seat were
Ken and Carol's little sister. Ahead of me
Sat Andre beside whom sat David McFadden
Now David had his head turned to me.
There was barely leg room in the front
Or back. David was saying something when
His knee (in the front) glanced against
The gearshift, accidentally dislodging the
Gear position we were in and I swear the car
Had kittens. Ken was there, ask him if the
Car didn't have kittens or almost throw up.
Well, though Andre put the car back in gear
Still gears were slipping in Ken's mind. I
Myself, used to Andre's father driving,
Noticed nothing. McFadden was saying to us
It's not important to do something as to
Say something pointing out. Show you are seeing
David was saying so I said: Hey ! Look at
Them geese, to showing I was seeing not just doing
Something with Carol on my lap(like squirming, or..)
And Ken thought, yep (I could hear Ken thinking
Out loud, nodding inside) to himself, but to us.
Everybody looked and everybody saw the geese
But no one listened to poor McFadden.

Oct '76.

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ARTIE GOLD

The poem I am writing
is Colonel Sanders, standing thinking
his secret fried chicken recipe

this is moving from him quickly by the bucket

there are many chicken pieces
he has left others to fuddle with;
as they dip parts
into the mystery batter
he is lamenting lost capital.

The recipe is the poem itself, the key
to every franchise , what the Colonel sold
corporate interests for a song.
he stands on top of a big bucket
waving goodbye to millions of friers
looking out over the land to see families
stopping in droves
for dinner at Kentucky Fried Chicken,
for it seems to me and him
that America
eats most there.

STEPHEN MORRISSEY

I am aiming for thesynthetic statement
for tax deductions that are totally poetry

for a drunken boat ride & the second coming
seen with a cosmopolitan eye

the wind in the willows is touching
every notion thot by Mallarme

in past time
we travel to New York City

summer & smoke pass before our eyes
in flight & thereis a slaughter

on tenth avenue & snow drifts

by the seashore we walk & trade images
of the stars as we have seen them

and we take out our long peashooters
& try to hit the lost temples of atlantis

that now lie at the bottom of the sea

walking along the beach we see
a plumed serpent chained to a fence

& we think of all the sons & lovers
who have ever lived

& who have walked under the arch
of gravity's rainbow

we walk back to the white house
& play a game of chinese checkers

& we think of the white pony
we saw long ago in a field

we notice that the cosmos
is moving past outside our door

all the world is rushing past
in the wink of an eye

the queen of england the german chancellor
a thousand clouds a procession

of mallards & seagulls
indian musicians playing even ragas

& it is afternoon
in mexico where our friends are spending

time & money & a week in Oaxaca & a week in Mexico City

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OPAL L. NATIONS

A PREPARED TEXT

"The Strenge Case of Inspector Loophole", pages 11-12, interspersed and sometimes substituted at varying interludes with the Cheese index of The Joy of Cooking, p. 801.

Morbid examined the anchovy body as best he ~~eal~~could; no bacteria-ripened pulse, no balls for soup, no sign of balls Florentine, pastry, nut, life. In fact the Bar-le-duc body felt cold to the bread nut loaf and seemed on its cake way through (see Cheesecake below) the first stages of ~~cap~~ canapes putrefaction. The ceramic carrots conducted an almost unbearable casserole, as Sam's Coeur a la Creme lay sprawled upon cottage cheese. "We have cream cheese, move quickly," said Loophole sternly, hopping about from croquettes and rice to dessert, as Dessert Mix and Dips stood in the fried Dreams doorway half-covering their dressings in a desperate effort to keep from laughing at the quick dumplings.

"How about Edam filled nuggets?" Mrs. Trims retorted, as she gestured the pouring of fondue cooking oil onto the frozen bathroom tiles, beaming and tittering out through the head and brawn of her dentures. Her brief heat sensitivity was met with Liptauer looks of gelatin mold. "Oh muffins," said Mrs. Trims, looking like a butched up popover Prime Minister after having farted (natural) in front of Neufchatel, pastas and pie in the potted processed House of Quiches. "Best be back to me Rarebits."

Six rennet chameleons with amazing rice ring rolls crawled up the toasted living room walls, and Melba rounds to tail formed sandwiches. They now resembled a seemingly empty gilt sauce picture frame alongside a real gilt frame housing a photograph of seasonal character. Soft in army pasteurized milk. They were smiling into the souffles, their arms about quick soup, whilst at their booted long keeping spreads a young attractive refrigerator waffer in the Women's Army Service sat squeezed inside an enormous German timbale. To store the overall atmosphere whole was one cut of soft total frivolity, coupled with absolute disregard for the Vicksburg flack and heavy waffles falling all about them.

for richard sommer & others

like a dream that comes back
when you stop chasing it
the hot poem waved me down:
men desire in many ways
churrump-a-rumpa
flasha belly dance and court
or simply stand there from a corner,
that works too, or talk that's full of
sighs o if only o red lion o ...
the ways of men are many o

jan 29 written w/left, typed w/right

claudia lapp

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THE DEAD A/MASS

for C.

the dead a/massed
pray for redemption.
bewildered skulls firelit
beneath protective cowls:

there is fear in their eyes...

bone white knuckles on
clenched hands raised
in prayer
companioned by ominous
howls
(too loud for mutterings
scattered off useless walls
in craggy canyon gap;

(too soft for screams
piercing smoky air,
they add shadows to shadow
howls of dismay -
one final appeal
for/giving grace.

& smiling satan lingers on
delectable to touch
as the mourners move
serpentine up dry river bed
past the buttes
& balanced windscape, as dust
following
following
the head
that grinned before them
notching numbers on his nails.
(cloven-hooved, he
tempted
taunted
tantalized
the mass that crawled behind

& they followed
danced their cripple dance
tracing silver lines of life
across worn palms baring
burdens of passed behaviours

moaned for forgiveness
groaned for grace
fearful in
their plight
(that this night
in this place
might last
forever.

ritchie carson

Oh Onion

Oh onion weep for me
like a badly flaking testicle
whose elliptical form so closely defines
a surface of meridians
and measurements of time upon
tectonic plates of vegetable origin
upon edible mica
that and of these things
you do not fill me with disgust
even though I turn away from you
is not for shaking off embarrassment
this gentlemanly act
instead to toss you naked
to the core
ka-plop in yonder steaming lot
for necessity requires
my whittled onion juices
flavor up the pot.

Ken Norris

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